I can feel it coming alive
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I can feel it coming alive

by Eskarina

Summary

> “Does it hurt?” Satoru asks after he’s finally detached himself far enough to run his hands over Suguru’s chest. The water is clearing slowly, washing red down the drain.
>
> “No,” Suguru says. “Just feels weird. I’m not used to it yet.”
>
> He decides not to mention the bone-deep ache that’s settled over his entire body, throbbing with every breath he takes. Something tells him it’s not entirely physical.
>
> They cope.

Notes

I was going to write some quick, good old “I can’t believe we’re still here” sex, but then they kept fucking for 3k words. I’m tired and want off this ride.

Title from the lyrics to Monster by Hands Like Houses… shoutout to this song for giving me the focus to edit for 4 hours straight, it’s basically my co-writer now

See the end of the work for more notes

Riko Amanai is dead. When Suguru wakes up on the cold stone floor, his vision is swimming. There's blood in his mouth, and seeping out of the gashes in his chest. He leaves a trail of it behind when he drags himself along the walls.

Riko Amanai is dead, and Satoru's body is gone. Suguru stares down at the drying pool of blood, more blood than any human should be able to lose. Satoru's corpse would fetch anyone a pretty penny, he's said so himself.

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"You can't go after him," Shoko says after haphazardly knitting Suguru's wounds back together. "If you go after him, you're toast."

"I know," Suguru says, and stumbles out of her office, through the hallways and into the cold sunlight.

He finds the man, dead, and Satoru, alive, at the third Star Group facility he checks. Suguru's throat aches from holding back every emotion under the sun. Satoru looks different, like he's been to the edge of hell and back. Suguru feels different, too. He can't bear to look at the unmoving heap in Satoru's arms.

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Riko Amanai might be dead, but Satoru Gojo is alive. Suguru is caught in a sick spiral of grief, elation and guilt. His eyes sting—it's been too long since he last slept. Satoru is the one to carry Riko's body all the way back to the school, as if he knows how close Suguru is to losing it. Or maybe he's just unconsciously considerate like that. When Suguru closes his eyes to alleviate the sting for even just a moment, he still sees the pool of blood in the courtyard, burned into his retinas.

He doesn't bother asking what they plan on doing with Riko's body. It's not like it matters. The new criss-cross scar over his chest itches. Shoko had fixed him up quickly, stitching him back together with almost as much force as he'd been slashed open with.

"This is the most disgusting I've ever been in my life," Satoru says when they walk into their dorm building.

"I don't know, that one time you fell into a puddle of mud and forgot to activate infinity was pretty close."

Satoru groans. "I thought we agreed that never happened."

"You agreed. I was too busy laughing."

Speaking hurts Suguru's throat. He wants to fall face first into bed and sleep for a century, but he has to agree—they're both disgusting. If he even goes near his bed like this, he'll never get rid of the smell.

They stop outside Suguru's room. "You gonna shower?" Satoru asks.

"It's like you can read my mind."

"I'll join you." Satoru reaches around Suguru to open the door and walks both of them inside.

“You do have your own shower, right?” Suguru says more to keep up pretenses than to protest. Satoru will recite a cheesy line about saving water, give him puppy eyes and melt his heart like he always does.

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“That looks bad,” Satoru says when Suguru undresses and reveals his new scar. It’s still red and raised, uneven and jagged edges crossing over his chest. He can feel the blade cutting into his skin when he looks at it.

“You’re one to talk,” he shoots back. Satoru’s previous inexperience with reverse cursed technique shows on his skin, spans his torso all the way from his throat to his hip. It peeks through behind his bangs, specks his thigh with too many scars to count. Suguru’s mind wanders to the pool of blood again. He feels sick.

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Hot water washes over Suguru’s back, gradually relaxing his tense muscles. His hair is slicked to his forehead, falling over his eyes and taking up the majority of his vision.

“We won’t get clean like this, you know?”

Satoru is clinging to him, his forehead resting on Suguru’s shoulder. It’s kind of gross, but he can feel Satoru’s heart beating against his chest like this, hurried and strong and alive, so he doesn’t think to push him away.

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“Does it hurt?” Satoru asks after he’s finally detached himself far enough to run his hands over Suguru’s chest. The water is clearing slowly, washing red down the drain.

“No,” Suguru says. “Just feels weird. I’m not used to it yet.”

He decides not to mention the bone-deep ache that’s settled over his entire body, throbbing with every breath he takes. Something tells him it’s not entirely physical. “What about you?”

“No,” Satoru says. “But it does look pretty bad. You figure I can still win beauty pageants like this?”

Suguru rolls his eyes. *Yes, obviously*, the thinks, but Satoru doesn’t need his ego inflated any further.

Quickly giving up on getting his question answered, Satoru starts rubbing shampoo into Suguru’s hair, using the strawberry scented (“*It’s not for kids!*”) 4-in-1 he keeps in Suguru’s shower. His eyes sting when Satoru manages to get foam into them, as always.

“I thought you died,” he says. As soon as the words leave his mouth, he hopes they get lost in the noise of the shower before reaching Satoru’s ears.

“You’re not getting rid of me that easily.” Satoru is trying to wipe the shampoo residue off Suguru’s closed eyes, making them sting harder.

Something must have shown in his expression, because Satoru moves his hands down to cup Suguru’s cheeks, swipes his thumbs across them and presses their lips together.

No matter how much Satoru talks, he seems to be terrible with words. When he's not busy heckling Suguru, he's busy complaining, exaggerating things, or being generally annoying. There's a certain determination in the way he avoids talking about his feelings or vulnerabilities. They haven't even put a name to whatever they have going on, because Satoru acts as if there's nothing to say, and Suguru is too much of a coward to ask.

Satoru makes up for his lack of communication skills with his hot mouth pressed against Suguru's, hands roaming as if they're touching for the first time. It's in these moments that Suguru thinks maybe he doesn't need to ask—maybe he's fine with never getting an answer in words.

Insatiable, Suguru thinks when Satoru pushes him against the wall, his hand cradling the back of Suguru's head to keep it from thumping against the tile. He can feel the exact second the mood shifts, the moment the air starts crackling around them. Satoru parts his lips to slide his tongue into Suguru's mouth, impatient and greedy.

For the fraction of a moment, Suguru considers if maybe this isn't the time or the place—if he should push Satoru away, tell him he's too tired. He'd be lying, though; the truth is that he's never wanted this more, wanted to touch and be touched, feel Satoru's breath and teeth against his skin. It's like he's been incinerated, pulse thrumming quick and exhilarated under his skin as he wraps his arms around the back of Satoru's neck to keep him close.

Satoru hums into their kiss, high and elated, threads his fingers into Suguru's hair. He's always so easy to please, lights up at the faintest of touches, happily taking whatever Suguru gives him.

All the exhaustion, the ache in his chest and his throat and his bones; it all melts away in this moment. Suguru zeroes in on the two of them, shudders when Satoru wraps a hand around his cock, bites into his lips.

They've been to this point before, impatient and clumsy with shaking hands, their bodies glued together as if their life depends on it. They've been slightly further, too; Suguru finds he quite likes the lack of air that comes with having Satoru's cock shoved down his throat. He likes Satoru's rough palms, too, and the sting of his teeth. The way his cheeks turn blotchy red and his eyes glaze over right now when Suguru reciprocates his touch. They're about as close as possible, chest against chest, all up in each other's space, pushing and pulling.

Satoru breaks their kiss to press his lips against Suguru's neck; hot breath fans over sensitive skin and sends shivers down his spine. He barely registers his own moans, his voice bouncing off the sleek walls now that Satoru's mouth isn't here to swallow it up.

"God, I wanna fuck you so bad," Satoru pants, and Suguru's legs wobble for a moment.

"Yeah?" he hums, his hips jolting up to meet Satoru's strokes.

"Yeah." Satoru's grip on Suguru's hair tightens. "Sometimes I look at you, and it's all I can think about. I feel like I'm going insane."

Suguru's ears are ringing with static noise, liquid heat pooling in his gut. "Why don't you?"

"Huh?"

"Why don't you fuck me?" He must be delirious, otherwise he wouldn't be talking like this, but the thought of Satoru spreading him open and taking him right here is doing things to his brain.

Satoru gasps, and then his cock pulses and spills over Suguru's hand. Suguru works him through it until Satoru bats at his hand with a whimper, shudders and slumps against his shoulder.

“You can’t just say that. Are you trying to kill me?”

“You can tell me how much you want to fuck me, but I can’t suggest that you actually do? This thing goes both ways.”

Satoru doesn’t answer, instead drops to his knees and wraps his lips around Suguru’s cock, sliding so far down Suguru thinks he might be seeing god.

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Suguru doesn’t waste time wondering if they’re moving too fast. Being reasonable or cautious doesn’t matter when he’s just barely made it out of today alive. What matters is Satoru’s hot, wet tongue fucking into him, drawing forth a myriad of choked off moans and whimpers.

He’s pretty sure no more than two minutes have passed since he came down Satoru’s throat in the shower, but he’s hard again, dripping against his stomach and gasping up at the ceiling. Satoru’s spit trickles down his skin, the wet slurping noises making him flush with something between arousal and embarrassment.

He flushes deeper when Satoru replaces his tongue with two slick fingers, sliding his mouth down over Suguru’s cock again. He’s opening up with surprising ease, like his body is admitting how much he’s wanted this, how many times he’s fucked himself to the thought of Satoru on top of him. He’s warm and pliant from the shower, shudders and whines when Satoru finds his sweet spot and abuses it without hesitance.

“Come on,” he gasps and tugs on Satoru’s hair, wonders if his impatience is as audible as it feels. Satoru obeys without question, his hands shaking like the first time they kissed.

“I heard it’s easiest when you do it from behind,” Suguru adds, shifting to roll over.

Satoru stops him with a hand to his knee, pouting. “But I wanna see your face.”

He says it so nonchalantly, as if it’s the most obvious thing in the world, and Suguru doesn’t know how to respond. *I want to see you, too? I think I’m in love with you, and I don’t know if I will ever be able to tell you?*

“We can just—like this…“ Satoru mumbles as he maneuvers Suguru’s legs, bends them towards his chest and spreads them.

“Okay,” Suguru says, blinking up at Satoru in a daze.

“Okay,” Satoru repeats after him, and then he’s pushing in, splitting Suguru open so wide he struggles to breathe, helplessly gasping and clinging to the sheets.

There are tears brimming in his eyes by the time Satoru bottoms out, embarrassing whimpers slipping from his lips at every little movement. Satoru is rocking into him slowly and gently and Suguru feels raw, laid completely bare under those wide eyes and panting lips. He lets himself melt into it, the feeling of complete vulnerability trust, until the discomfort fades.

He’s so *full*, and now that he’s loosened up Satoru is starting to fuck him properly, pulling so far out Suguru claws at his thighs in an unspoken warning and slamming back inside, making the flimsy bedframe creak.

Blissful heat settles deep inside Suguru’s stomach, needy moans that he’s failing to hold back fill the room. He reaches out, grips the back of Satoru’s neck and pulls him down into a bruising kiss.

It’s a poor attempt at muffling his voice, at forcing Satoru to quit looking at him with so much feeling he currently can’t place.

Unfortunately, the shift in position seems to shake Satoru out of his stupor, and moments later he cuts their kiss short in favor of *talking*, his hot breath ghosting over Suguru’s cheek.

“Fuck, you feel so good, baby… do you know how long I’ve wanted you like this? I wish you could see yourself right now, you look so fucking pretty with your legs spread for me—“

“Shut up, please,” Suguru pants before connecting their lips again, hoping to get the message across. His heart is racing, Satoru’s sweat-slick skin his scalding hot against his own, electricity buzzing through his veins with every perfect thrust. He closes his eyes, sinking further into the kiss, completely surrendering his body.

The image of the courtyard, deserted and bloody, materializes behind his eyelids completely unprompted. He almost chokes on his sob, accidentally biting into Satoru’s lip in the process, causing him to break the kiss and stop moving.

“Fuck, did I hurt you? I’m sorry—“

“I’m fine, don’t worry.” Suguru has never sounded less convincing in his life.

“Then why are you crying?”

Satoru is staring down at him with a combination of shock and concern, no sign of letting Suguru off the hook easily. This is the absolute worst timing—he should have found a moment earlier, a few minutes to steal away and let himself process, instead of letting his emotions boil over like this.

I thought you were fucking dead. “I’ve had a rough day,” Suguru chokes out among half-swallowed sobs. Satoru is wiping at his tears with a sweaty hand.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have… this was a bad idea, I don’t know why I pushed…”

Satoru is about to pull away, Suguru can tell from the way his weight shifts, and his frayed nerves kick into a panic. He wraps his legs around Satoru’s waist and grips his arms, tugging him back down.

“Don’t leave,” he whimpers, and it sounds absolutely pathetic, making his cheeks sting with shame.

“I’m not.” Satoru gives up on wiping Suguru’s tears and starts petting the damp mess of his hair instead. “It’s okay.”

Nothing is okay, Suguru wants to say, but he doesn’t trust himself to speak anymore, instead choosing to focus on breathing, clinging to Satoru like his life depends on it.

Satoru stays silent for a long time, his face nestled into the crook of Suguru’s neck, caressing his hair.

“Today was shit,” he finally says. “When I woke up and went after him, I didn’t know whether you were alive or dead. I should have checked, but I was totally out of it. So I guess that kinda messed with my head, because when you walked in there, it didn’t even feel real. I just felt like I had to make sure, you know? But I shouldn’t have pushed you into this, I’m sorry.”

Suguru has somehow managed to stop crying at some point during Satoru's monologue. His eyes are stinging uncomfortably, drying tears making his skin itch. "You didn't push me into anything."

"I didn't?"

"No. Who do you think I am?"

"I didn't mean—I just thought, what if I was emotionally manipulating you or something?"

"You're way too blunt to emotionally manipulate anyone."

"I am?"

"Yes," Suguru huffs. Satoru's weight on top of him is getting heavy.

"Oh," Satoru says, then stays quiet for a while. "You know, having a heart-to-heart while I'm still inside you is kind of awkward. Maybe we should continue this, like, tomorrow."

"No way. Finish what you started." Suguru finds that his mid-sex breakdown has done surprisingly little to dampen his arousal; he's exhausted from crying, but he still wants this closeness more than anything, wants to be reminded of how alive they are in the most primal way possible.

"You sure?" There's a playfulness in Satoru's voice that Suguru isn't quite fond of. It sounds suspiciously like he's about to tell him to start begging.

Suguru makes it a point to clench around Satoru's cock, causing him to flinch. "Don't act like you don't want it when you're still hard after we've done nothing but talk for the past five minutes."

"So mean. You know, seeing you cry was actually kind of hot. I just kept thinking about messing you up even more. Is that bad?"

Suguru snorts. "Yeah, I'm going to hold that one over your head for a while."

"Stop judging! You were so cute, too, clinging to me like that—"

Suguru interrupts by clapping a hand over Satoru's mouth. "Move."

He pretends to ignore the shudder that runs through Satoru's body at the command before he obeys.

It's actually unbelievable that he was trying to tease, seeing how desperate he is to keep going. He's greedy and rough, fucking Suguru so deep it makes his head spin, tears embarrassing whines and high pitched moans from his throat.

Trembling, Suguru reaches up and lays a hand on Satoru's chest, right over his scar, right where his heart is thumping against his ribcage.

"Harder," he gasps, just to test something, and Satoru's thrusts falter for a moment before picking up more force. Stars dance across Suguru's vision, seething hot pleasure spreading from his core up to his chest, into his limbs, setting his whole body on fire.

"Yeah," Suguru barely manages, "just like that, don't stop..."

Satoru starts panting, then, his breath catching in half-swallowed whines. He's dropped his head, refusing to meet Suguru's eyes, just keeping his thighs in a death grip. Suguru feels drunk with power, with Satoru paying attention to his every reaction, trying to find the perfect angle to make

Suguru's eyes roll back.

"You wanna be good for me, yeah?"

Satoru, to his amazement, actually nods with a few rough jerks of his head.

"Touch me," Suguru hums, and Satoru is all over him in an instant, hands on his chest, tracing his scar with his lips. He's close enough now for Suguru to lift a hand to his head, run his fingers through the silky strands of hair. "Good boy."

Satoru shivers, sucks a breath in through his teeth. "Fuck, I can't—"

"You can come inside me."

Satoru collapses on top of him, his hips stuttering, whimpering against Suguru's neck as he rides out his orgasm. Suguru strokes his back and his hair and kisses the side of his head. Satoru keens, still rocking into Suguru, shallow and slow.

"Keep going."

Satoru makes a confused, somewhat scared noise at the back of his throat. "Make me come, too," Suguru adds as he slides a hand down between them to wrap it around his cock.

Satoru picks his pace back up, his fingers curling into Suguru's shoulders. He's so close he can feel it on every breath, blinding hot pleasure building and waiting to snap. Satoru's cum is starting to leak out, trickling down to the sheets. Shaky, frantic breaths press against Suguru's skin and he loves every second of it, Satoru falling apart in his arms.

"I can't… it hurts," Satoru whimpers, but keeps going regardless, fucking Suguru through his own overstimulation.

"Yes you can, you're doing so well... look at me." Suguru feels like he's about to burst at the seams and explode into a million tiny pieces. His pulse is hammering in his ears, his toes curling.

Satoru is starting to shake all over when he raises himself onto his arms to gaze down at Suguru. His pretty eyes are glistening with moisture that threatens to spill over any second, his face flushed an adorable array of red. He bites his swollen lips and sniffles. Suguru lifts his free hand to Satoru's cheek, burning hot against his palm. Finally, finally, Satoru blinks his eyes shut and causes his tears to overflow, roll over Suguru's hand and drip down onto his cheeks.

Suguru's back arches when his orgasm crashes into him, shakes him to his core. His vision blurs as he shudders, his cock jerking and spilling over his hand and abs while he bites his lips around broken moans. It's blinding, the sparkling pleasure making him squirm and gasp for air until he's run dry and exhausted. Somehow, Satoru manages to keep fucking him through all of it, quivering, barely staying upright.

"It's okay," he sighs when he can see clearly again, his blood buzzing with satisfaction, "you can stop."

Satoru slides out of him immediately, collapses on top of Suguru in a boneless heap. He's shivering, muffling his sobs into the pillow. Suguru runs a soothing hand over his back, blinking up at the ceiling in his dazed afterglow.

Several minutes later, Satoru collects himself and flops over onto his back, completely silent. They may have finally discovered a way to shut him up.

“I get it now,” Suguru says after a little while longer. “Seeing you cry was really hot, too.”

Satoru huffs. “You’re a monster.”

“Why? I called you a good boy. That’s not something a monster would do.”

“Actually, I don’t think you said it nearly enough.”

“Well, you have to work for it. What’s the point otherwise?”

“You get to make me happy, that’s the point.”

“Fair.” Suguru turns to his side, lifting his hand to swipe Satoru’s bangs out of his eyes. “Good boy.”

The reaction is immediate; Satoru flushes and groans, rolling over to face the wall. “Not *now*. I just barely got away with my life.”

Suguru breathes out a silent laugh. Something gold and sparkling fills his chest, slowly at first, then in such a rush he feels like he’s going to burst with it. *Love*, he thinks, and shoots the sentiment back down. It’s nice, whatever it is, and he’s not going to dwell on it right now. He finds the blanket on the floor and drapes it over the both of them, scooting closer to Satoru’s back and wrapping an arm around him.

Satoru releases a content sigh and rolls over again to nuzzle his face against Suguru’s chest. *Love*, a tiny voice at the back of Suguru’s mind says, and he finds that he’s too tired to keep arguing with himself.

End Notes

You may wonder how Geto managed to talk so damn much when he was getting fucked within an inch of his life, but I don’t really have an answer. He is a special grade jujutsu sorcerer though, and he was very determined, so I’m gonna let him have it.

Hang out with me on twitter if you want!!! And leave kudos/ a comment! If you want!!

Also please look at this art by @nn_geg0!!

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